

# THE NEW PLAYS

"Bab"

Absurdly Amusing

By CHARLES DARTON

BOOTH PARKINGTON certainly started something, as the saying goes, with "Seventeen," "Clarence" and other boyish fancies, for now at the Park Theatre there is "Bab," the feminine equivalent of Willie Baxter. This time the simple playwright, Edward Childs Carpenter, has taken his cue from stories of Mary Roberts Rinehart. The result is a comedy, it is not a farce, of feminine adolescence absurdly amusing.

Bab is a strange creature who comes under the somewhat unfamiliar head of a "sub-job," that is a girl who is not old enough to jump into the social world, and finds herself compelled to make the most of life as she grows into her sister's clothes. To make up for the loss of other things, she indulges in extravagant phrases, flinging "set" and "mate" into her talk, making such reckless headway that she shocks her mother and causes even her indulgent father to be reflective when his head is turned from his nonsense. She is at most a silly young thing, and in the end she accomplishes nothing more than the elopement of her elder sister with an Englishman who contrasts to her out-of-control whimsy which offer a good profit to her father. For her part, she is left to wait for a sensible young man who discovers she is writing love letters to an imaginary adorer, whereupon he brings to her an actor who answers every requirement except that of a sincere lover. Bab is left to fall on her father's chest and await the return of the sensible young man. The play is so awkwardly arranged that it takes four acts to tell a story not worth more than three.

Edna Haynes is delightful as Bab, though it may easily be seen that the role is child's play for this exceedingly clever young actress. Tom Powers plays the watchful admirer with admirable discretion, and Sam Edwards is a very good father. Parents and girls may find "Bab" appealing.

## About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

IT HAS been arranged for Alice Delia to make her American debut in "Aga" at the Central Theatre on Monday night, Nov. 8. Her managers, Comstock & Gert, have surrounded her with an excellent company which includes Lupino Lane, an English comedian, who also is making his first appearance in America in this piece. Others in the cast are Frances Cameron, W. H. Rawlins and Irving Beebe. Comstock & Gert are making this production in association with Charles B. Cochran, the London manager.

A RARE SPECIMEN.  
Dorothy Maynard of "Kissing Time" called on C. P. Grenaker, at the Shubert Press Department yesterday, carrying an umbrella. "What are you doing with that umbrella?" asked Mr. Grenaker. "There's no sign of rain." "It was loaned me one wet night," replied Miss Maynard. "I'm returning it." "What?" came from the astonished Grenaker. "You're returning an umbrella?" "I am." The press man took her out immediately and had her photographed.

AN R. R. R. POEM.  
Robert Raymond Ralph, born in Virginia, is of the opinion that his State is the real home of pretty girls. Worse than that, he has put his ideas into a poem, as follows:  
New York has very pretty girls,  
As all of us declare,  
But see them in the morning,  
When they don't look so fair;  
Of America's prettiest women,  
One type is sure to win you,  
She's the real American beauty,  
Born down in Virginia.

SHE'LL STICK TO ART.  
Jeanette Dietrich has taken Rosalind Quin's place at the Century Theatre. She has promised faithfully not to exchange her stage career for the dishrag for at least three years.

SENTIMENT HERE.  
E. P. Accord of upper New York has written a poem, calling it "Give Me Time." Read it and let us know how much he ought to be given. Here it is:  
Though a failure I now may be,  
Some day you will be proud of me,  
For if, of success, there is no sign,  
All I ask is "Give Me Time."  
If now I am only a slave,  
Some day all the world shall raise,  
And you, too, shall enjoy it, Mother of Mine;  
So wait, be calm and give me time.

HE WAS PERPLEXED.  
We have it on excellent authority that Herb Roth invited a friend recently to see "Three Live Ghosts." The friend was from Walla Walla, Wash. When they came down to go to the theatre, the Westerner asked:  
"What did you say the name of this show is?"  
"Three Live Ghosts," said the Walla Walla man. "I thought you said 'ghosts'."

GOSSIP.  
Walter Hamilton has added "Taming of the Shrew" to his repertoire. "Sally in Our Alley" will go into rehearsal on Monday.  
Allen Stanley, formerly of "Sinks and Satins," has gone back to vaudeville.  
There will be special matinees at nearly all the Broadway theatres on Election Day.  
Peggy Mitchell of "Broadway Bravities" has had three proposals of marriage since she inherited \$30,000.  
Madeline Chaffee has been engaged for W. Moore Felt's musical show, "It's Up to You."  
Miebia Ito, the Japanese dancer, is to have an acting role with the Provincetown Players.  
Hannah McClaurin has written another Red Cross motion picture. It is called "The Spirit of Service."  
Bert Lytell, Metro star, will appear at all the Low theatres in this city next week, when "The Price of Redemption" is shown.  
Thirty members of the football team of the University of West Virginia saw "Good Times" at the Hippodrome last night.  
Alec Trenholm of "The Unwritten

NUTT'S DOPE.  
Jefferson Shroobury Nutt has sent us a criticism on a new play that is headed for Broadway. It follows:  
"Dear Dad—I and the wife dropped over to Scramble, Pa., yesterday to see the De Bellville Comedians and Lady Artists produce a new play, thinking you'd like to let Broadway know what to expect from these people. We told the manager we represented you, but he said he'd never heard of you fifty cents' worth, so we each had to put up a quarter to get in. The play was called 'Stop Camella, or There will be No Hope.' It was about a girl who spent too much money and caused much anguish among the storekeepers. Camella was the belle of the town but she did not ring true. Get that—belle didn't ring true! The wife thought that out. She says if you'll print it she'll sing for you some night. Better ditch it, old kid. The cast was fine all but the boy who played the front legs of the cow. He wouldn't do for Broadway. After the show let out there was a train wreck and a few people got killed. There was much excitement but could learn nothing—Jeff."

Chapter at the Astor, has written a volume of short stories in Yiddish. An exhibition for trot contest for the championship of New York is on at Terrace Garden Dance Palace. The next heat will be danced to-morrow and another Tuesday evening. The winners of each heat receive silver cups and when the finals are held two medals will be awarded.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.  
Nobody but a stuttering person should break his word.

FOOLISHMENT.  
"Oh, Fay, the poet said to her, 'Don't I write lovely rhyme? Please give me your reply at once, And not some other time.'"

The maiden's face grew dark with pain;  
She thought she'd do him dirt,  
"Your stuff is punk," she did reply,  
Too poor was she—too poor.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.  
"Why does a editor know there's a man in the moon?"  
"Oh, I cannot answer that."  
"Because he's been to sea."

Echoing a Punch.  
"EVER see a man whose mouth moves when he works?"  
The fat plumber asked the question.

"You don't mean a barber, do you?"  
"No, I mean one of those geeks who make faces every time they exert themselves."

The thin carpenter said he had.  
"And you have also seen those people who nod their heads when some one on the stage bows?"

"Yes."  
"And others who involuntarily gravitate when the actors move their hands on the stage?"  
"Yes, I've seen those people too."  
"What's the night I was with one of the last named kind?"  
"Where?"

"We were watching a prizefight; and that's how I happened to get this black eye,"—Youngstown Telegram.  
GALLERY WIT.  
AN old-timer was reminiscing at the club. "Speaking of famous singers," he said, "I remember being present at a concert at which Mme. Nilsson was to sing, but she was indisposed. The foreman who announced the fact said: 'Mme. Nilsson has a little horse.'"  
"Noticing a ripple of laughter run through the audience, he repeated in some confusion, 'a little horse, a little horse, a little horse.'"  
"Whereupon a facetious companion of the gallery brought down the house by asking, 'Well, why don't you trot her out?'"—Boston Transcript.

## KATINKA



Katinka Would Make a Fine Character Witness—Not!

## JOE'S CAR



Business of Knocking Joe for a Curve!

## LITTLE MARY MIXUP



It Would Be Frightfully Annoying on Saturday!

## LEAVE IT TO LOU



This Is Food for "Reflection," George!

## RUSTY AND BUB



Bub Is a "Squatter"!

## WHAT Do You Know?

Copyright, 1926, by The Press Publishing Co., The New York Evening World.

1. What is the name of the 2,000-foot waterfall in Labrador?  
2. What are the divisions of a German mark called?  
3. What is the correct name for far-sight?  
4. What Yankee player is to be coach at the Michigan University next year?  
5. What kind of water is used to fill a storage battery?  
6. What kind of hair is best for small paint brushes?  
7. What was the name of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's first husband?  
8. What profession did President Johnson follow in early life?  
9. What was Rob Roy's real name?  
10. What device is used in house wiring to protect the electrical circuit against too strong a current?  
11. For what words does the abbreviation L. C. stand?  
12. Who was the twin brother of Diana in Greek mythology?  
ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.  
1. Grand; 2. Pennies; 3. Hypermetropia; 4. Del Pratt; 5. Distilled; 6. Camel; 7. Gait; 8. Tailor; 9. John Macgregor; 10. Furs; 11. Idiot (that is); 12. Apollo.

cut against too strong a current?  
11. For what words does the abbreviation L. C. stand?  
12. Who was the twin brother of Diana in Greek mythology?  
ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.  
1. Grand; 2. Pennies; 3. Hypermetropia; 4. Del Pratt; 5. Distilled; 6. Camel; 7. Gait; 8. Tailor; 9. John Macgregor; 10. Furs; 11. Idiot (that is); 12. Apollo.

Infant Diet.  
THE doctor consulted his thermometer and looked startled. Then he hurriedly tested his patient's pulse.  
"Good gracious, man!" he gasped. "What have you been doing? Your temperature is up to danger point and your pulse is terrific. Have you been limiting yourself to infant diet, as I told you?"  
The patient nodded feebly.  
"Yes, doctor, I have," he whispered. "During the last twenty-four hours I have eaten three apples, over a dozen match stalks and various but-

ton; but I find considerable difficulty in chewing the coal."—London Answers.  
Proof of Fondest Love.  
GWENDOLINE sighed softly, and wept.  
"Hawaii!" she whispered. "You do not love me!"  
The young man started violently, knitting his brow fiercely, and an excited flush enveloped his countenance.  
"Gwendoline!" he gasped, as he recovered from the shock. "Gwendoline!" he repeated. "You astound me! When a man deliberately misses the last car for seven nights in succession, when he attempts to learn the latest jazz steps just to please a fair maiden, when he tolerates the cheek and impudence of her rascally young brother, and constantly sniffs up his nostrils the hated scent of eau de cologne—to suggest he is not a victim of Cupid's bow and arrow is a positive insult."—Argonaut.

A False Alarm.  
THERE is a road in a Western State which seems unable to form anything like an intimate relationship between its trains and the advertised schedule. These trains are so proverbially late that there is a mild celebration every time one reaches its destination on time.  
Once the word was passed through one little town that No. 3 would get in on time and a big crowd gathered at the station. Some generous citizen provided quantities of red fire and set it off along the track.  
"What's the trouble?" the conductor asked when he jumped off the train.  
"Train's actually in on time," explained the crowd.  
"Put out your fires, you idiots," the conductor shouted. "Don't you know that we're just twenty-four hours late!"—Harper's Magazine.

Needed the Cork.  
JOHN SIMMONS had been an ab-stainer for twenty years, but fell from the ways of grace and worshipped the vicious god with all the fervor of a convert.  
Feeling the need of recuperation, he sent his boy to an adjacent hotel for a bottle of whiskey.  
"But," cried the hotel proprietor, "who's it for?"  
"For my father," said the boy.  
"Nonsense. Your father is a total abstainer, and has been, to my knowledge, for longer years than you've lived."  
"Well, at all events, he ~~was~~ me for it."  
"What does he want it for?"  
"To let you into a secret," said the boy, ashamed to tell the truth, "he's going fishing, and he wants the cork to use for a float!"—London Tit-Bits.